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SWEDISH EROTICA

59

SALE TO MINORS PROHIBITED

A FILM REVIEW MAGAZINE

FEATURING
LISA DE LEEUW
AND
BRIDGETTE
MONET

ALL COLOR

As the following story demonstrates, it's virtually impossible for a man to charm the pants off a lady unless she has decided they are going to come off. Women don't get seduced, not in this day and age, although they may pretend that seduction has taken place. Later, when the man has gasped his last gasp and her racing pulse has slackened to its normal pace, she may whisper into his ear sweet nonsense about how he has swept her off her feet. And he will probably believe that nonsense, so convinced is he of his own sexual desirability.

Actually, as the more experienced among us know, it's almost always the female who does the seducing, and the removal of pants. She begins by demonstrating interest in what the man does or thinks and tells him that her opinions coincide. If she's wiser than most of her sisters, and her prey is a bit of a heavyweight in the brain department himself, she may take an opposing position and allow him to persuade her through valid argument. Meanwhile, of course, she's playing her best physical points to the hilt. And she's touching him as they talk, looking deep into his eyes, working her way into his living space — where he won't have to reach far to grab her.

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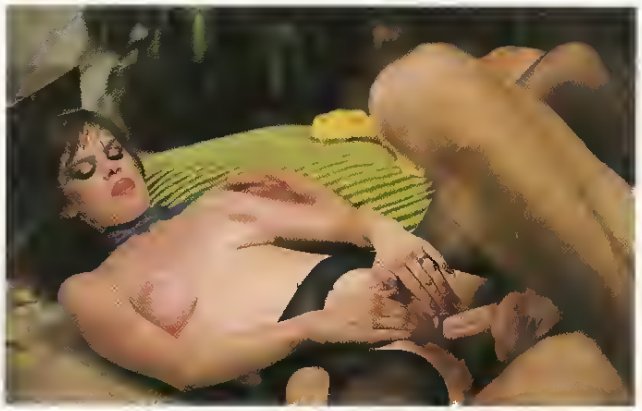
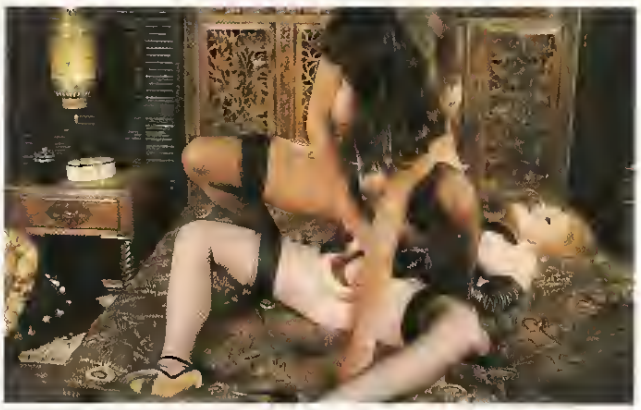


FILM #426. HOW TO CHARM THE PANTS OFF A LADY



FILM #415: THE ART OF SEX

FILM #426: HOW TO CHARM THE PANTS OFF A LADY

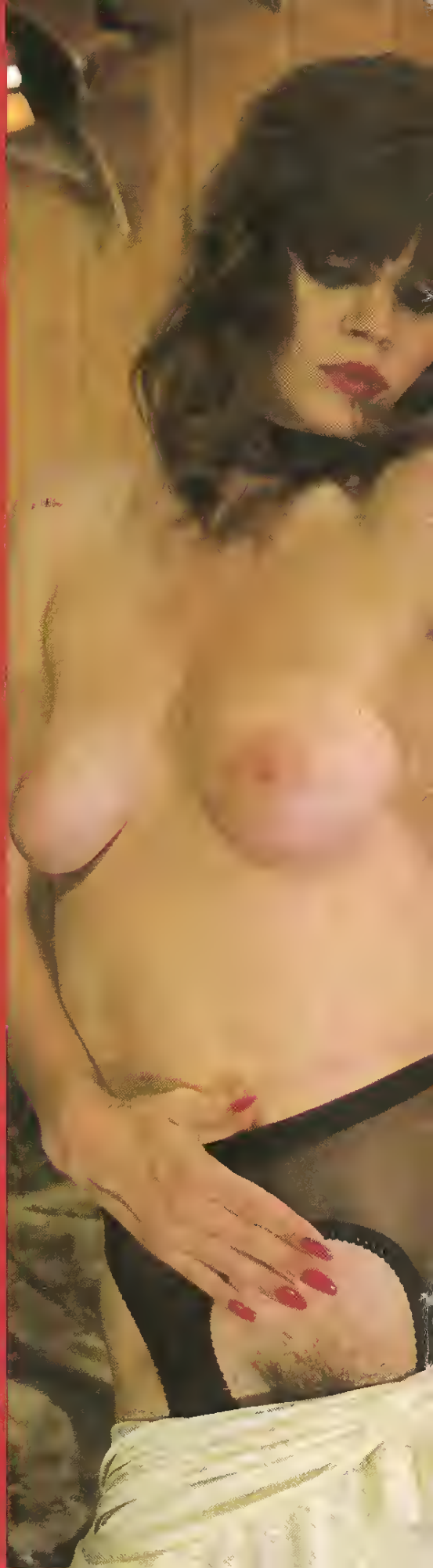
Being a star of the silver screen was still an exciting experience for Rita. She'd made it to the top after only two films and in the first her role had been a minor one. But even her few lines had demonstrated uncommon vivacity and acting talent — the camera took care of demonstrating her beauty — and an independent producer operating on a budget had signed her for the female lead in his first film. Less than a year later she found herself walking, as though in a dream, up onto that stage to receive an Academy Award.

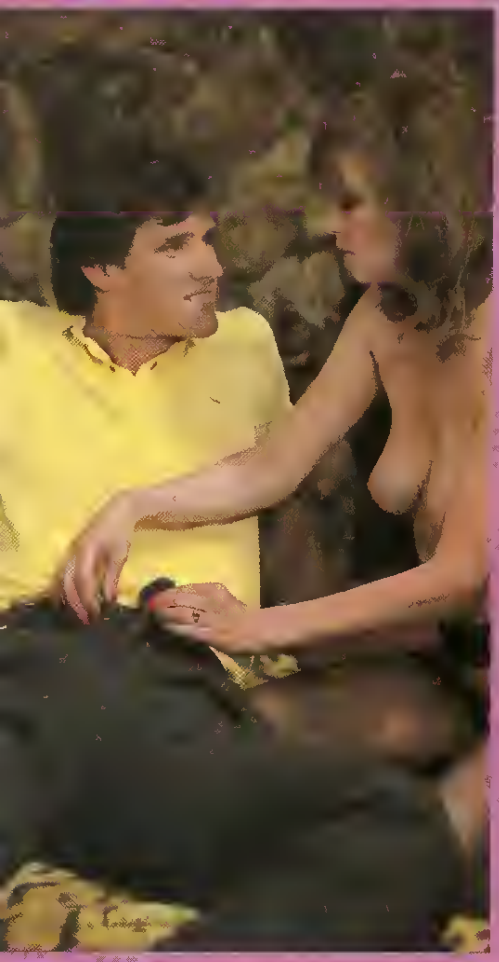
Making it so young and so easily had its effect on Rita. What she believed about herself was even in excess of what the movie columnists said (which was what the producer she was under contract to paid them to say) and her ego expanded accordingly. So did her sex life, which had never been on the conservative side. Rita had a sex drive in keeping with her acting talents and physical beauty and fully understood and appreciated the power of it. She considered herself, though she would never dream of telling anyone what she thought, one great hungry cunt eternally seeking satisfaction. She loved

fucking, loved having her pussy eaten and simply adored the feel of a cock in her mouth. Cocksucking gave her a feeling of power over men that fucking did not accomplish, even if fucking was far more physically pleasurable. For that matter, having her pussy eaten was the most pleasurable act of all and it was a pity that she could not have it done all the time. But there were rules against having a man go down on you in public and, even in private, there were a few who did not consider it a privilege to eat her snatch.

Not that there was any shortage of men willing, even eager, to crouch between her thighs and play lullabies on her clit with their tongues. The line of volunteers extended through almost all the men she'd ever met socially and the vast majority who had only viewed her projected image. Many of these she was willing to allow to adore her intimately. She had even had her interest piqued by a few fan letters from men who described how they would love to debase themselves for her. To these, she sent return letters requesting personal information and had taken a few of the likeliest applicants up on their offers. It was fun, for a while, to meet them at some private place, tell them to strip, then lift her skirt and spread her legs so that they might begin. Then, finished, she would send them on their ways.

These encounters fed her





sense of power and intensified that association with the performance of sex acts. Also, they got her rocks off regularly and that counted for a great deal with Rita. There was nothing like a few good, solid orgasms for putting her in the mood for a [illegible] performance.

But getting her cum[illegible] lifted [illegible] fucking, that's [illegible] Rita had a sense of [illegible] attractive [illegible] over the men she [illegible] with in her [illegible] sex. The standard was still that one was called the slave and the other was s[illegible] the one who had to be obeyed, at least in front of the camera. As for the [illegible] man he was a man who, at least could only be [illegible] girl in [illegible] unless one were very fortunate. Most of the leading men she was matched [illegible] roles opposite were acting veterans who could easily [illegible] her to pieces if it came to a showdown, stealing every shared scene, making the films they did together vehicles for their own enhanced reputations.

They had to be dominated. Men like that [illegible] know it he could [illegible] to them that she was the star, and [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] and to see [illegible] [illegible] to be [illegible] to [illegible] by a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] was really [illegible] was fun to [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with her mouth. She [illegible] such them on.

[illegible] that was the way she saw it. The men she [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

tors and other actors, to say nothing of the men she'd known before going to Hollywood — had all behaved exactly the same way when Rita's mouth was working on them. Their knees buckled and their eyes rolled wildly in their heads as her lips tightened around their cocks. They had shuddered and turned to jelly as her tongued curled and licked lasciviously up and down their cocks. When the hand that held the cock being sucked curled delicately around their balls and those dainty fingers stroked underneath while she sucked, the effect was galvanic. When she bit them while she sucked — just hard enough to make them know that she had teeth — they came explosively and collapsed.

Her next leading man was going to get sucked off so thoroughly and so often that he wouldn't even have time to think about what was happening in front of the cameras.

When Vic thought of women, which was far from as often as most people might assume, he thought of them as supplicants at his personal altar. Whenever he needed to get his rocks off all he had to do was snap his fingers at the nearest groupie and her hot mouth was ready. He'd been sucked off by more women than most men have spoken to. As lead singer and the top name of his group, the Cannibal Clan, he was probably the single greatest male sex idol in the civilized world.

Occasionally, when he had the time for it and was in the mood, he fucked a woman.

Once, just to see what it was like, he'd eaten a pussy.

Acting wasn't his *shtick*, but the monetary offer that accompanied the script sent for his consideration was an offer that even he could not refuse, especially since the Internal Revenue department was after him for a few million he'd forgotten to report and wanted their money yesterday. Vic didn't believe in wasting money by paying an accountant to manage his financial affairs. Anyhow, when he was asked who he'd like for his leading lady Vic, who hadn't seen a film in years, remembered a name he'd read in a newspa-

per, in an article side-by-side with one about himself. "How about that new kid, Rita something or other."

Rita it was. They sent her the script the next day by special messenger and she signed on the dotted line the day after that on the advice of her agent. Vic was not the only one who owed Uncle Sam money.

Vic, being a professional performer, went straight to work on the script, learning the lines and working with a coach on the interpretation. Rita went to work researching Vic. Winning an Academy Award was great. Sustaining that level of stardom was something else, as even Rita knew and if she was going to keep her name shining before the public, she'd better learn what sort of man she would have to cope with once the cameras started rolling.

The answer was there for anyone who bothered to read the fan magazines. Pictures of Vic were everywhere, and everywhere he was surrounded by lovely young women. He had to be crazy about women. Had to be a sucker for them. But Rita was going to be the real star of the new film and she

was going to do it by being a sucker for Vic. A cocksucker. She was going to have his cock in her mouth, as deep as to the throat, every possible moment. She was going to suck him off until all he could think of was her hot mouth, until he could not wait for the shooting sessions to end and the cock-sucking sessions to begin. Vic was going to become so addicted to Rita's mouth that nothing else in the world would matter to him.

It was Vic who phoned suggesting that they get together to discuss the new film and the roles they would play in it. It was Rita who suggested that the meeting take place in her home. She had visions of him arriving with cock bulging in his pants, lusting for her mouth. She was going to have him flat on his back in her bed within minutes of his arrival.

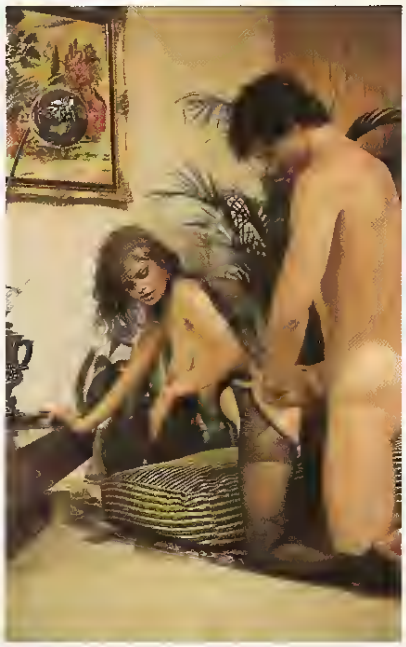
Actually, it didn't take much longer than that. Vic had assumed that, if they were going to get along during the production of his film, she was going to have to suck him off. He might fuck her as well; after all, he'd been blown by all the female singers he'd worked with and had fucked a few. It was part of working for him — and Vic saw all his performing associates, Rita as well, as subordinate to himself. He was the star, the reason for the show's existence. When Rita opened the door for him, dressed in next to nothing at all, his cock rose to the occasion it had expected. When she took him by the hand and led him to her bedroom he stripped and assumed a comfortable position as was his right. When her hot mouth closed around his cock he sighed in delight. It was good that this gal knew her place and what was expected of her.

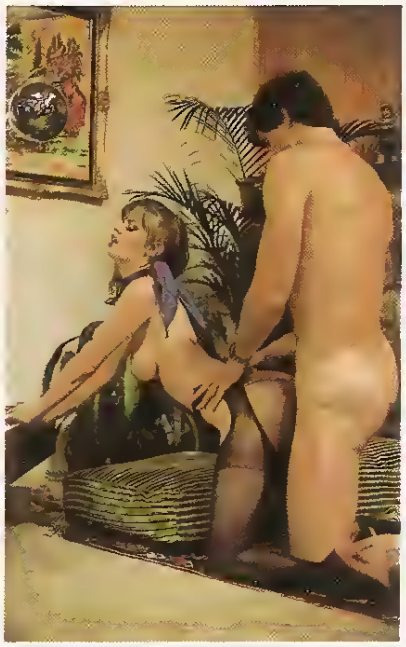
Rita could feel power pulsing from Vic's cock, into her mouth and into herself. His cock was huge and there was a slow pulse beating deep within in. Most cocks she had sucked were easy; some she could swallow almost to the balls, so deeply into her mouth had Rita trained herself to take them. But Vic's was longer and far thicker than any other cock she had ever known. Its size amazed her and for the first time she began to doubt her ability as a cocksucker. Vic's wasn't a cock as she had

known them, it was a club of flesh, a lethal weapon. She could scarcely get the head of it into her mouth and, had she tried to swallow all of it, she would have choked in the process. But the head of his cock was tight and hard in her mouth and her lips clung greedily to it. She clamped her lips as tight as possible and pushed her head down on it slowly, ever so slowly, meanwhile cupping his balls gently in her hand.

What huge balls Vic had. They more than filled her hand and their weight was impressive. She wondered if her mouth would be able to hold all the cum when he shot his load.

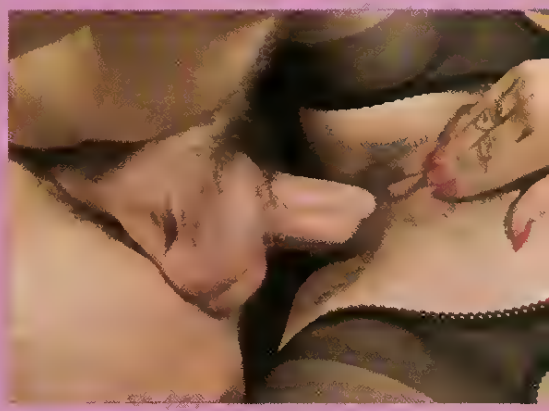
Vic had forgotten about the script, for the moment. Most of the women who had sucked him off knew little about the cocksucking art; they were awkward or frightened or forcing themselves to perform an act they didn't really want to perform.

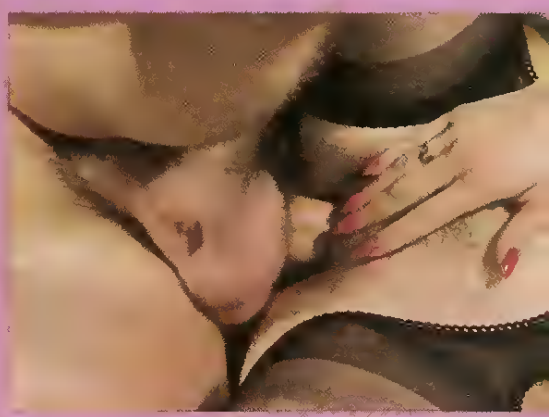




Some had been cold and efficient about it, uninvolved emotionally. Sucking him off was a technical feat they were more or less proficient at. A few, a very few, had really enjoyed what they were doing and their enjoyment had enhanced Vic's. As in his performances as a singer before an audience: when that audience was totally with him he was driven to abilities beyond his norm. Vic was a man who did more than merely respond to another's enthusiasm, he almost demanded it if he were to fully extend himself.

And Rita was turning him on. Never in all his active sex life had he received a blow job like this one. Whatever her other talents, and Vic had been assured by the producer that Rita was quite a good little performer even if her Academy Award had been largely due to a role that accidentally suited her to perfection, she was certainly the best cocksucker he'd ever encountered. And Vic was the man who would know. A woman who could suck cock like this had to



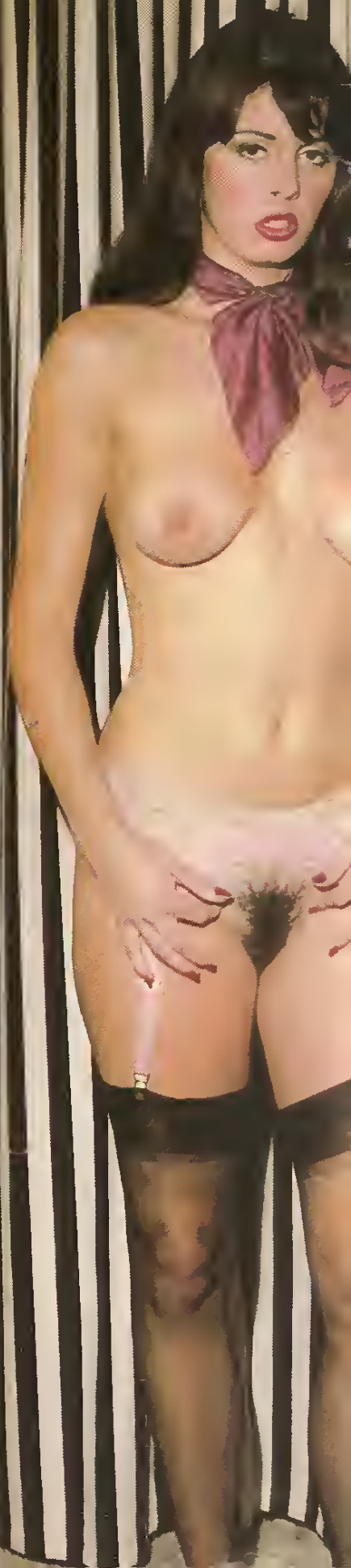


her mouth. This was new, fantastic. He'd never been bitten while being sucked before. Then his mind turned off as his cock convulsed and the cum jetted and pulsed and spurted.

Rita swallowed desperately, almost choking on the enormous volume of cum. More than she'd ever sucked from a man before. But she managed to swallow and keep up with the flow until it ceased and Vic collapsed with a long sigh. She worked gently on his cock, now, very gently. There was the last of the cum to lick away. And, also, she couldn't let him get completely soft. There had to be enough lust left so that

he'd want to eat her, eat her now while she was still hot from sucking him. Perhaps, if he was very, very good with his tongue, she'd allow him the exquisite pleasure of fucking her.

Consciousness returned to Vic and his cock was still within that lovely mouth. This was a real woman, the best he'd ever met. And he was getting a second blow job out of her right behind the first. She must love the taste of cum, the feel of a hard cock in her mouth. This was the sort of woman he could appreciate. If she was equally good the second time — and if he had anything left after such a fantastic blow job, he was going to show his appreciation. He was going to fuck her. ●



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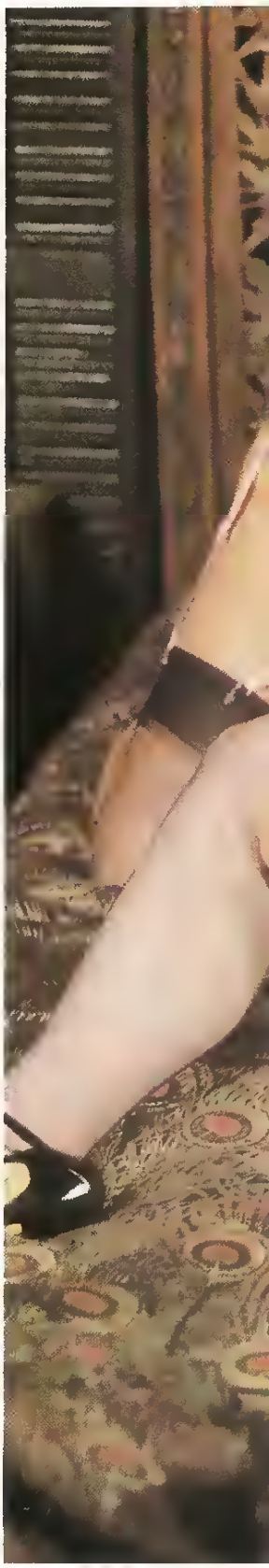
FILM #415: THE ART OF SEX

It was a pity that most artists were male. And it was a double pity that almost all of the few women who painted or sculpted seriously were avidly heterosexual. They fucked men and made no bones about it and they fucked them literally and not metaphorically. They didn't get fucked, they did the fucking and the men were mere bodies that they used to quench their desires. All of which made life often bitter for Lisa, whose interest in art and whose desire for the success of her art gallery were only exceeded by her lust for

other women. Lisa was a lesbian, but few opportunities for sex with people she respected came her way. So it was with few expectancies that she made her visit to Bridgette's studio to view her work for possible exhibition at the gallery. Bridgette was beginning to make a name for herself as a painter of male nudes and Lisa knew what that meant about Bridgette's sexual proclivities.

Or she thought she did. Bridgette painted men in the nude because she admired the symetry of their muscular bodies. Women were so soft in comparison. They presented few artistic challenges. But oh, how she loved to stroke and kiss and suck on those soft female bodies, to fill her mouth with tits and exercise her tongue on cunts, to be eaten and stroked and sucked by other women. Lisa, the gallery owner who was about to visit her studio, would probably be another cock hungry bitch who collected stud painters like trophies and figuratively hung their balls on her gallery walls.

But it takes one to know one, as the old saying goes and the two young women sensed each other the moment they met. There was an almost tangible lust in the air when Lisa walked in. The two women seemed to radiate desire at each other and each was totally aware of the situation without a word being spoken. They were gasping for breath even as they tore away their clothing, shuddering in



anticipation as their bodies met and their fingers, their mouths began to wander. Lisa's tits were lush and ripe for Bridgette's sucking mouth. Bridgette's pussy flowed sweet juices for Lisa's lapping tongue. They ate each other greedily, assuaging hungers which had been starved for months, opened themselves totally, each to the other's every desire. Tongues, fingers in cunts, feeling and stroking and squeezing. Fingers in asses for the special pleasures that can be attained there. Nipples sucked and nibbled ever so gently as bodies shuddered in unison. Everything that could be done by two young women to each other, each opening exquisitely stimulated as only one woman can stimulate another.

There are, however, a few things that women cannot do to each other unassisted. Even a lesbian lusts to feel her cunt filled by a moving object. It's just that she doesn't care to have a man doing the fucking. Which is why Bridgette kept a rather unusual dildo in a bureau drawer, a dildo she was highly skilled in the use of. She could clamp her own cunt muscles tight around one end of its shaft and use it like a genuine cock to fuck another woman. And in Lisa she had met a woman with precisely the same talents. Without a word being said they each picked up the rhythm. First one held tight and fucked with it and then the other until

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